

Rule Dialog

Kit Carson yelled, "Grab the barber!" And two tough marines dressed as arabs did just that.

The barber? A total innocent! With the little house and the little wife and the new baby. Talks about nothing but the baby.

Well, we had one vacant seat in the minibus. And Kit Carson laughed afterwards, "Hey! Barbers know a lot. They listen!"

Nonsense. He's the comedian of the marketplace. Released him after a couple of hours, no?

Well, Kit Carson was sent to Afghanistan, and then Buffalo Bill labeled barber a resource, claiming he felt a sixth sense about him.

They still hold him?

Did. In Gitmo.

There! So far! Ridiculous!

Touring congressmen saw blood on his orange coverall, so they screamed to get him a new one.

Does it get worse?

Much. New, bitty brown guys guarded clothing process. One said barber lunged, so shot him in the mouth. Big inquiry because these were trainees, from mountainous Guatemala or somewhere. Not supposed to have live ammo.

So, the poor barber is dead?

14-E in the paperwork. Shot escaping.

In the mouth?

Hey! Was probably screaming some Moslem shit!

Little house with the little wife and tiny...

You breaking my heart or my balls?

What's the difference? You rule. At this time.